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THE SPANISH GIPSY

**CONDENSED FOR READING
ONE 1-2 HOURS**

PRICE, \$1.00 NET





THE SPANISH GIPSY

By GEORGE ELIOT

Condensed and arranged for reading
With special adaptability for a woman
With directions for interpretation

BY

LILY HOFFNER WOOD MORSE

Time for Presentation : 1½ Hours



PRICE, ONE DOLLAR

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EDGAR S. WERNER AND COMPANY

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“The Spanish Gipsy”

Arranged for Reading



SCENES.

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CHARACTERS.

DON SILVA.....	Duke of Bedmár
ZARCA.....	Gipsy Chief
JUAN.....	A Troubadour
LORENZO.....	Host of the Tavern
LOPEZ.....	A Soldier
ROLDAN.....	A Juggler
FEDALMA.....	Betrothed to Silva
HINDA.....	A Gipsy Maiden

PRONUNCIATION.

Diacritical marks according to Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary.

(Oblique line indicates accented syllable.)

Ābderāhman	Īsmā'el
Ālcā'la	Juan (whān)
Ālmē'ria (accent falls on i)	Īlopēz (pez = pēth)
Āragon	Lorénzo
Bedmár (accent second syllable)	Nādár
Ībābdīl	Pēpita
Cāstīlian	Plāca (c soft as in cease)
Īcordova	Īrōldān
Dōn Ālvár	Sāntiāgō
Dōn Śilva	Sēville
Ēl Žāgāl	Tōlédō
Fēdālma	Žārca (c like k)
Ġuadīx (Ġwādēese)	Žīncālā (feminine singular)
Ĥesperus	Žīncālī (plural)
Ĥīnda (ee)	Žīncālō (masculine singular)
Īñēz (een-yaith)	lar)

BOOKS OF INTEREST

IN CONNECTION WITH

“THE SPANISH GIPSY.”

Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella." 2 vols.
\$1.50.

Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada." \$1.

Borrows's "Gypsies of Spain." \$2.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHARACTERIZATION.

DON SILVA.—Heroic, thoroughly manly, romantic, impulsive. Firm, rich quality of voice,—with softened love tones in scenes with Fedalma, and great dynamic force, abrupt utterance, in the last scenes with Zarca. Strong physical poise.

ZARCA.—Pre-eminently *strong*,—with the intensely passionate utterance of the Gipsy tribe. Hard quality of voice, except in expressions of fatherly affection towards Fedalma. Uncompromising and inflexible in voice and manner. Rigid expressions of face.

JUAN.—The poet in temperament, the singer; graceful and lithe in bearing, musical of voice, with delicate sensibilities and mobile facial expression.

LORENZO.—Bluff, hale, and hearty. Robust in bearing, with jovial speech and laugh.

LOPEZ.—The soldier in bearing; business-like and curt of speech, giving his thoughts in the most direct manner possible, seeming to “strike out from the shoulder” with his ideas.

ROLDAN.—Reserved in manner, with the deep concentration needed in his art. No longer young,—his whole concern being to gather audience for his tricks, and reap the coins.

FEDALMA.—Her own lines best furnish the clue to the delineation of her varying moods. Voice,

face, and manner must be capable of every gradation of emotional expression. In portraying this, the principal character of the drama, as much expression must be evidenced "between the lines" as in the actual lines themselves. The *spoken* thought must be preceded by an external display of the *silent* thought. There is almost a childishness of manner in the abandon and simplicity of the earlier scenes, with now and again a fine thread of premonition running through her joy, but vanishing almost instantly. In the scene with Zarca, this tragic element gradually becomes stronger, until it crowds out the joyousness in the final renunciation. In the latter scenes, her strict adherence to her integrity of purpose, when once her path lies clear before her, gives her more poise than Silva, and *she* becomes the stronger influence in the end.

HINDA.—The ingenue type, with great spontaneity and abandon, with a genuineness and frank childishness that is refreshing. Voice lacks signs of mature thought or experience. Both her grief and her joy are simple and direct. Her physical action is free and spontaneous,—a true child of Nature, unrestrained.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

"The fifteenth century is falling, as a husk,
Away from all the fruit its years have ripened."

—"The Spanish Gipsy."

"It is the hour of the last struggle of the Moors
against the power of the Catholic kings."

George Eliot, in her "Spanish Gipsy," pictures with wonderful fidelity the prevailing valor and excitement of the times. The story is a struggle in mind and body between the power of love, on the one hand, and loyalty to hereditary faith, on the other. The main action takes place in Bedmar, a small town on the southern coast of Spain, near Gibraltar, "the great rock that screens the westering sun." Ferdinand and Isabella, who are on the throne, have intrusted this Christian stronghold to Duke Silva. The Moorish camp is but a mile away, and constant vigilance is required to protect Bedmar. Any neglect of duty may prove fatal. In direct contrast to this warlike aspect is the love-theme of the drama, and the constant struggle between love and duty forms the groundwork of the story. As a piece of literature, it is notable for the charm of its word-pictures, the beauty of its thoughts, and the dignity of its sentiment. Both the dialogue and the descriptive passages are intensely dramatic; and the present arrangement follows, as closely as possible, the typical form of the drama. "The Spanish Gipsy" was written in the winter of 1864-65. After the author's visit to Spain in 1867 it was rewritten and amplified



THE SPANISH GIPSY.

SCENE I.

Bedmár, in Spain.

'Tis the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep:
Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
On the Mid Sea that moans with memories,
And on the untraveled Ocean's restless tides.
This town, that dips its feet within the stream,
Is rich Bedmár. 'Twas Moorish long ago,
But now the Cross is sparkling on the Mosque,
And bells make Catholic the trembling air.
The fortress gleams in Spanish sunshine now
('Tis south a mile before the rays are Moorish)—

Hereditary jewel,

Of young Duke Silva. No Castilian knight
That serves Queen Isabel has higher charge;
For near this frontier sits the Moorish king,
Not Boabdil the waverer, who usurps
A throne he trembles in, and fawning licks
The feet of conquerors, but that fierce lion
Grisly El Zagal, who has made his lair
In Guadix' fort, and rushing thence with strength,
Wastes the fair lands that lie by Alcalá,
Wreathing his horse's neck with Christian heads.

To keep the Christian frontier—such high trust
Is young Duke Silva's; and the time is great.
(What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.)
The time is great, and greater no man's trust
Than his who keeps the fortress for his king,

Its sworn governor,
Lord of the valley, master of the town,
Commanding whom he will, himself commanded
By Christ his Lord who sees him from the Cross.

SCENE II.

A Tavern Court of Moorish architecture. In a group, talking with Lorenzo, the Host of the Tavern, are Juan, the troubadour, and Roldan, the juggler. Enter Lopez, a soldier.

JUAN.

Ha, Lopez? What news of the wars?

LOPEZ.

Such news as is most bitter on my tongue.

We make no sally;
We sit still here and wait whate'er the Moor
Shall please to do.

HOST.

Some townsmen will be glad.

LOPEZ.

Glad, will they be? But I'm not glad, not I,
Nor any Spanish soldier of clean blood.
But the Duke's wisdom is to wait a siege
Instead of laying one. Therefore—meantime—
He will be married straightway.

HOST.

Ha, ha, ha!

Thy speech is like an hour-glass; turn it down
The other way, 'twill stand as well, and say
The Duke will wed, therefore he waits a siege.

Who is the bride?

LOPEZ.

One that some say the Duke does ill to wed.
One that his mother reared—God rest her soul!—
A bird picked up away from any nest.
Her name—the Duchess gave it—is Fedalma.
No harm in that. But the Duke stoops, they say,
In wedding her. And that's the simple truth.

JUAN.

Fie, Lopez, thou a Spaniard with a sword
Dreamest a Spanish noble ever stoops
By doing honor to the maid he loves!
He stoops alone when he dishonors her.

LOPEZ.

Nay, I said nought against her.

JUAN.

Better not,
Else I would challenge thee to fight with wits.
Don Silva's heart beats to a loyal tune:
He wills no highest-born Castilian dame,
Betrothed to highest noble, should be held
More sacred than Fedalma. He does well.
Nought can come closer to the poet's strain.
There's a poor poet (poor, I mean, in coin)
Worships Fedalma with so true a love

That if her silken robe were changed for rags,
And she were driven out to stony wilds
Barefoot, a scornéd wanderer, he would kiss
Her ragged garment's edge, and only ask
For leave to be her slave. Digest that, friend,
Or let it lie upon thee as a weight
To check light thinking of Fedalma.

LOPEZ.

I?

I think no harm of her; I thank the saints
I wear a sword and peddle not in thinking.
'Tis Father Marcos says she'll not confess
And loves not holy water; says her blood
Is infidel; says the Duke's wedding her
Is union of light with darkness.

JUAN.

Tush!

[Now Juan—who by snatches touched his lute
With soft arpeggio, like a whispered dream
Of sleeping music, while he spoke of love—
In jesting anger at the soldier's talk
Thrummed loud and fast, then faster and more loud,
Till, as he answered "Tush!" he struck a chord
Sudden as whip-crack close by Lopez' ear.]

LOPEZ.

If that's a hint

The company should ask thee for a song,
Sing, then!

HOST.

Ay, Juan, sing, and jar no more.
Something brand new.

JUAN (*sings*).

*Maiden, crowned with glossy blackness,
Lithe as panther forest-roaming,
Long-armed naiad, when she dances,
On a stream of ether floating—
Bright, O bright Fedalma!*

*Pure as rain-tear on a rose-leaf,
Cloud high-born in noonday spotless,
Sudden perfect as the dew-bead,
Gem of earth and sky begotten—
Bright, O bright Fedalma!*

HOST.

Faith, a good song, sung to a stirring tune.
Another such!

ROLDAN.

Sirs, you will hear my boy. 'Tis very hard
When gentles sing for nought to all the town.
How can a poor man live? And now 'tis time
I go to the Plaça—who will give me pence
When he can hear hidalgos and give nought?

JUAN.

True, friend. Be pacified. I'll sing no more.
Go thou, and we will follow. Never fear.
My voice is common as the ivy-leaves,
Plucked in all seasons—bears no price; thy boy's
Is like the almond blossoms.

HOST.

Go with them to the Plaça,
The sights will pay thee.
But let us see as well as hear. Some tricks, a dance.

ROLDAN.

You shall see all, sirs. There's no man in Spain
Knows his art better. *[Exit ROLDAN.]*

HOST.

I'll get this juggler, if he quits him well,
An audience here as choice as can be lured.
Shall we go? All of us now together?

LOPEZ.

Well, not I.

I may be there anon, but first I go
To the lower prison. There is strict command
That all our Gipsy prisoners shall to-night
Be lodged within the fort. They've forged enough
Of balls and bullets—used up all the metal.
At morn to-morrow they must carry stones
Up the south tower. 'Tis a fine stalwart band,
Fit for the hardest tasks. 'Twill soon be time
To head the escort. We shall meet again.

HOST.

Go, sir, with God. *[Exit LOPEZ.]*
A very proper man, and soldierly.
But come now, let us see the juggler's skill.

SCENE III.

The Praça Santiago.

'Tis daylight still, but now from turrets high
The flitting splendor sinks with folded wing.
For the great rock has screened the westering sun

And within Bedmár has come the time of sweet seren-
'Tis day, but day that falls like melody [ity.
Repeated on a string with graver tones—
Tones such as linger in a long farewell.

The Plaça widens in the passive air— [spreads
The Plaça Santiago, where from o'er the roofs there
The breath of flowers and aromatic leaves
Soothing the sense with bliss indefinite.—

And so it soothes,
So gently sways the pulses of the crowd
Who make a zone about the central spot
Chosen by Roldan for his theatre.
And now the gilded balls begin to play
In rhythmic numbers, ruled by practice fine
Of eye and muscle: 'tis not the old Roldan now,
The dull, hard, weary, miserable man,
'Tis Roldan glorious, holding all eyes like any meteor,
King of the moment.

Pablo stands passive, and a space apart,
Holding a viol, waiting for command.
Music must not be wasted, but must rise
As needed climax; and the audience
Is growing with late comers.
Now Roldan spreads his carpet. He tumbles next,
But with the tumbling, lest the feats should fail,
And so need veiling in a haze of sound,
Pablo awakes the viol and the bow—
The masculine bow that draws the woman's heart
From out the strings, and makes them cry, yearn,
Tremble, exult, with mystic union [plead,
Of joy acute and tender suffering.
The long notes linger on the trembling air,
With subtle penetration enter all

The myriad corridors of the passionate soul,
Message-like spread, and answering action rouse.
Vibrations sympathetic stir all limbs.
“The dance! the dance!” is shouted all around.
Pepíta now puts forth her foot
And lifts her arm to wake the castanets.
Roldan, weary, gathers pence.
The carpet lies a colored isle untrod,
Inviting feet: “The dance! the dance!” resounds,
The bow entreats with slow melodic strain,
And all the air with expectation yearns.

Sudden, with gliding motion like a flame,
A figure lithe, all white and saffron-robed,
Flashed right across the circle, and now stood
With ripened arms uplift and regal head.
Juan stood fixed and pale; Pepíta stepped
Backward within the ring: the voices fell
From shouts insistent to more passive tones
Half meaning welcome, half astonishment.
“Lady Fedalma!—will she dance for us?”
But she, sole swayed by impulse passionate,
Feeling all life was music and all eyes
The warming quickening light that music makes,
Moved as, in dance religious, Miriam,
When on the Red Sea shore she raised her voice
And led the chorus of the people’s joy;
Moved in slow curves voluminous, gradual,
Feeling and action flowing into one,
With young delight that wonders at itself
And throbs as innocent as opening flowers,
Knowing not comment—soilless, beautiful.
And still the light is changing.
Comes a more solemn brilliance o’er the sky,

A meaning more intense upon the air—
 The inspiration of the dying day.
 And Juan now, when Pablo's notes subside,
 Soothes the regretful ear, and breaks the pause
 With masculine voice in deep antiphony.

JUAN [*sings*].

*Day is dying! Float, O song,
 Down the westward river,
 Requiem chanting to the Day—
 Day, the mighty Giver.*

*Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
 Melted rubies sending
 Through the river and the sky,
 Earth and heaven blending;*

*All the long-drawn earthy banks
 Up to cloud-land lifting:
 Slow between them drifts the swan,
 'Twixt two heavens drifting.*

*Day is dying! Float, O swan
 Down the ruby river;
 Follow, song, in requiem
 To the mighty Giver.*

The exquisite hour, the ardor of the crowd,
 The strains more plenteous, and the gathering night
 Of action passionate where no effort is,
 All gathering influences culminate
 And urge Fedalma. Swifter now she moves,
 Filling the measure with a double beat
 And widening circle; now she seems to glow
 With more declaréd presence, glorified.

Circling, she lightly bends and lifts on high
 The multitudinous-sounding tambourine,
 And makes it ring and boom, then lifts it higher,
 Stretching her left arm beauteous; now the crowd
 Exultant shouts, forgetting poverty
 In the rich moment of possessing her.

But sudden, at one point, the exultant throng
 Is pushed and hustled, and then thrust apart:
 Something approaches—something cuts the ring
 Of jubilant idlers. 'Tis the band
 Of Gipsy prisoners, aloof surveyed
 By gallant Lopez, stringent in command,
 The Gipsies chained in couples, all save one.
 Fedalma now, with gentle wheeling sweep
 Faces again the centre, swings again
 The uplifted tambourine. . . .

When lo! with sound

Stupendous throbbing, solemn as a voice
 Sent by the invisible choir of all the dead,
 Tolls the great passing bell that calls to prayer
 For souls departed: at the mighty beat
 It seems the light sinks awe-struck—'tis the note
 Of the sun's burial; speech and action pause;
 Religious silence and the holy sign
 Of everlasting memories
 Pass o'er the Praça. Little children gaze
 With lips apart, and feel the unknown god;
 And the most men and women pray. Not all.
 The soldiers pray; the Gipsies stand unmoved
 As pagan statues with proud level gaze.
 But he who wears a solitary chain
 Heading the file, has turned to face Fedalma.

She, motionless, stands
With level glance meeting that Gipsy's eyes,
That seem to her the sadness of the world

Rebuking her.

Why does he look at her? why she at him?
As if the meeting light between their eyes
Made permanent union? His deep-knit brow,
Inflated nostril, scornful lip compressed,
Seem a dark hieroglyph of coming fate
Written before her. She stood all quelled,
The impetuous joy that hurried in her veins
Seemed backward rushing turned to chilliest awe.

Now it was gone; the pious murmur ceased,
The Gipsies all moved onward at command
And careless noises blent confusedly.
But the ring closed again, and many ears
Waited for Pablo's music, many eyes
Turned toward the carpet: it lay bare and dim,
Twilight was there—the bright Fedalma gone.

SCENE IV.

**A handsome room in the Castle. On the table
a rich jewel-casket.**

Silva had doffed his mail and with it all
The heavier harness of his warlike cares.
He had not seen Fedalma; miser-like
He hoarded through the hour a costlier joy
By longing oft-repressed. Now it was earned;
And with observance wonted he would send
To ask admission.

[*Enter FEDALMA, starting back in surprise.*]

FEDALMA.

O my lord!

You are come back, and I was wandering!

Are you angry? [*Anxiously.*]

DON SILVA.

Angry?

A man deep-wounded may feel too much pain

To feel much anger.

FEDALMA.

You—deep-wounded? Nay, Silva, nay.

Has some one told you false? I only went

To see the world with Iñez—see the town,

The people, everything. It was no harm.

I did not mean to dance: it happened.—

DON SILVA.

O God, it's true then!—true that you,

A maiden nurtured as rare flowers are,

The very air of heaven sifted fine,

Lest any mote should mar your purity,

Have flung yourself out on the dusty way

For common eyes to see your beauty soiled!

You own it true—you danced upon the Praça?

FEDALMA [*proudly*].

Yes, it was true. I was not wrong to dance.

The air was filled with music, with a song

That seemed the voice of the sweet eventide—

The glowing light entering through eye and ear—

That seemed our love—mine, yours—they are but

[*one—*]

Trembling through all my limbs, as fervent words
Tremble within my soul and must be spoken.
And all the people felt a common joy
And shouted for the dance. The joy, the life
Around, within me, were one heaven: I longed
To blend them visibly: I longed to dance
Before the people—be as mounting flame
To all that burned within them! Nay, I danced;
There was no longing: I but did the deed
Being moved to do it. O! I seemed new-waked
To life in unison with a multitude—
Feeling my soul upborne by all their souls,
Floating within their gladness! Soon I lost
All sense of separateness: Fedalma died
As a star dies and melts into the light.
I was not, but joy was, and love and triumph.
Nay, my dear lord, I never could do aught
But I must feel you present. And once done,
Why, you must love it better than your wish.
I pray you, say so—say, it was not wrong!

DON SILVA.

Dangerous rebel! if the world without
Were pure as that within . . . but 'tis a book
Wherein you only read the poesy
And miss all wicked meanings.
You bewilder me!—you shrink no more
From gazing men than from the gazing flowers
That, dreaming sunshine, open as you pass.

FEDALMA.

No, I should like the world to look at me
With eyes of love that make a second day.
I think your eyes would keep the life in me

Though I had nought to feed on else. Their blue
Is better than the heavens—holds more love
For me, Fedalma—is a little heaven
For this one little world that looks up now.

DON SILVA.

O precious little world! you make the heaven
As the earth makes the sky. But, dear, all eyes,
Though looking even on you, have not a glance
That cherishes . . .

FEDALMA.

Ah, no, I meant to tell you—
Tell how my dancing ended with a pang.
There came a man, one among many more,
But *he* came first, with iron on his limbs.
And when the bell tolled, and the people prayed,
And I stood pausing—then he looked at me.
The gladness hurrying full within my veins
Was sudden frozen, and I danced no more.
But seeing you let loose the stream of joy,
Yet, Silva, still I see him. Who is he?
Who are those prisoners with him? Are they Moors?

DON SILVA.

No, they are Gipsies, strong and cunning knaves,
A double gain to us by the Moors' loss:
The man you mean—their chief—is an ally
The infidel will miss. Such vague fear
Was natural, was not worth emphasis.
Forget it, dear. This hour is worth whole days
When we are sundered. Danger urges us
To quick resolve.

FEDALMA.

What danger? what resolve?
I never felt chill shadow in my heart
Until this sunset.

DON SILVA.

A dark enmity
Plots how to sever us. And our defence
Is speedy marriage, secretly achieved,
Then publicly declared. Ere a second sun from this
Has risen—you consenting—we may wed.

FEDALMA.

None knowing that we wed?

DON SILVA.

Beforehand none
Save Iñez and Don Alvar. But the vows
Once safely binding us, my household all
Shall know you as their Duchess. No man then
Can aim a blow at you but through my breast.
Nay, God himself will never have the power
To strike you solely and leave me unhurt,
He having made us one.

FEDALMA.

To-morrow I shall be your wife!
Now, I am glad I saw the town to-day
Before I am a Duchess—glad I gave
This poor Fedalma all her wish.
Oh, I shall grieve a little for these days
Of poor unwed Fedalma. Oh, they are sweet,
And none will come just like them.

FEDALMA.

Tell me, now,
When all these cruel wars are at an end,
And when we go to Court at Córdoba,
Or Seville, or Toledo—wait a while, *from him.*
I must be farther off for you to see. *[She retreats]*
Now think (I would the tapers gave more light!)
If when you show me at the tournaments
Among the other ladies, they will say,
‘Duke Silva is well matched. His bride might have
[been well born.]
Will they say so? Think now we are at Court,
And all eyes bent on me.

DON SILVA.

Fear not, my Duchess!
None can say Don Silva’s bride might better fit her
[rank.]
A crown upon your brow would seem God-made.

FEDALMA.

Then I am glad! I shall try on to-night
The other jewels—have the tapers lit,
And see the diamonds sparkle.
Here is gold—
A necklace of pure gold—most finely wrought.
[She takes out a large gold necklace.]
But this is one that you have worn, my lord?

DON SILVA.

No, love, I never wore it. Lay it down.
You must not look at jewels any more,
But look at me.

FEDALMA [*looking up at him*].

O you dear heaven!

I should see nought if you were gone.
You are my king, and I shall tremble still
With some great fear that throbs within my love.
Does your love fear?

DON SILVA.

Ah, yes! all preciousness
To mortal hearts is guarded by a fear.
All love fears loss. If we lost our love
What should we find?—with this sweet Past torn off,
Our lives deep scarred just where their beauty lay?
And so I tremble too before my queen Fedalma.
And you will rise with day and wait for me?

FEDALMA.

Yes.

DON SILVA.

I shall surely come.
And then we shall be married. Now I go
To audience fixed in Abderahman's tower.
Farewell, love!

FEDALMA.

Some chill dread possesses me!

DON SILVA.

Oh, confidence has oft been evil augury,
So dread may hold a promise.
I shall send tendance as I pass, to bear
This casket to your chamber. Sweet, farewell!
[*Exit Silva.*]

FEDALMA [*returning to the casket, and looking dreamily at the jewels*].

Yes, now that good seems less impossible!

Now it seems true that I shall be his wife,

Be ever by his side, and make a part

In all his purposes. . . .

These rubies greet me Duchess. How they glow!

Their prisoned souls are throbbing like my own.

Perchance they loved once, were ambitious, proud;

Or do they only dream of wider life,

Ache from intenseness, yearn to burst the wall

Compact of crystal splendor, and to flood

Some wider space with glory? Poor, poor gems!

We must be patient in our prison-house,

And find our space in loving. And you, gold—

[*She takes up the gold necklace.*]

You wondrous necklace—why, it is magical!

He says he never wore it—yet these twisted lines—

They seem to speak to me as writing would,

To bring a message from the dead, dead past.

What is their secret? Are they characters?

I never learned them; yet they stir some sense

That once I dreamed—I have forgotten what.

[*Enter JUAN.*]

JUAN.

Señora!

FEDALMA [*starts, and gathering the necklace together, turns round*].

Oh, Juan, it is you!

JUAN.

I met the Duke—
And when he ordered one to wait on you
And carry forth a burden you would give,
I prayed for leave to be the servitor.
I see you hold the Gipsy's necklace: it is quaintly
[wrought.

FEDALMA.

The Gipsy's? Do you know its history?

JUAN.

No farther back than when I saw it taken
From off its wearer's neck—the Gipsy chief's.

FEDALMA [*eagerly*].

What! he who paused, at tolling of the bell,
Before me in the Plaça?

JUAN.

Yes, I saw
His look fixed on you.

FEDALMA.

Know you aught of him?

JUAN.

Something and nothing—as I know the sky,
Or some great story of the olden time
That hides a secret.

FEDALMA.

It is hard
That such a man should be a prisoner—
Be chained to work.

Oh! they have made their fires beside the streams,
 Their walls have been the rocks, the pillared pines,
 Their roof the living sky that breathes with light:
 They may well hate a cage, like strong-winged birds,
 Like me, who have no wings, but only wishes.
 I will beseech the Duke to set them free.
 Now, honored Troubadour, bear this casket hence.
 Nay, not the necklace: it is hard to place.

[*Exit JUAN with the casket.*]

FEDALMA [*looking again at the necklace*].

It is *his* past clings to you, not my own.
 If we have each our angels, good and bad,
 Fates, separate from ourselves, who act for us
 When we are blind, or sleep, then this man's fate,
 Hovering about the thing he used to wear,
 Has laid its grasp on mine appealingly.
 So soft a night was never made for sleep,
 But for the waking of the finer sense.
 I need the curtained stillness of the night
 To live through all my happy hours again
 With more selection. For if the earth broke off
 Leaving no footing for my forward step
 But empty blackness . . .

Nay, there is no fear—

They will renew themselves, day and my joy,
 And all that past which is securely mine.

[*While she is uttering the last words, a little bird
 falls softly on the floor behind her; she hears
 the light sound of its fall and turns round.*]

Did something enter? . . .

Yes, this little bird, . . .

[*She lifts it.*]

Dead and yet warm.

Stay, there is something tied beneath the wing!
A strip of linen, streaked with blood—what blood?
The streaks are written words—are sent to me—
O God, are sent to me! “*Dear child, Fedalma,
Be brave, give no alarm—your Father comes!*”

[*She lets the bird fall again.*]

My Father . . . comes . . . my Father . . .

[*She turns in quivering expectation toward the window. There is perfect stillness a few moments until ZARCA appears at the window. He enters quickly and noiselessly; then stands still at his full height, and at a distance from FEDALMA.*]

FEDALMA [*in a low distinct tone of terror*].

It is he!

I said his fate had laid its hold on mine.

ZARCA [*advancing a step or two*].

You know, then, who I am?

FEDALMA.

The prisoner—

He whom I saw in fetters—and this necklace. . . .

ZARCA.

Was played with by your fingers when it hung
About my neck, full fifteen years ago.

FEDALMA [*looking at the necklace and handling it, then speaking, as if unconsciously*].

Full fifteen years ago!

ZARCA.

The very day
I lost you, when you wore a tiny gown
Of scarlet cloth with golden broidery.

FEDALMA [*growing paler and more tremulous*].

Yes. It is true—I have the gown—it is long ago!
How came it that you sought me—no—I mean
How came it that you knew me—that you lost me?

ZARCA.

I lost you by a trivial accident.
Marauding Spaniards, sweeping like a storm
Over a spot within the Moorish bounds,
Near where our camp lay, doubtless snatched you up
When Zind, your nurse, as she confessed, was urged
By burning thirst to wander toward the stream
And leave you on the sand some paces off.
'Twas so I lost you—never saw you more
Until to-day I saw you dancing! Saw
The daughter of the Zíncalo make sport
For those who spit upon her people's name.

FEDALMA [*vehemently*].

It was not sport. What if the world looked on?—
I danced for joy—for love of all the world.
But when you looked at me my joy was stabbed—
Stabbed with your pain. I wondered . . . now I
It was my father's pain. [know . . .

[*She pauses a moment, then she says quickly*]

How were you sure
At once I was your child?

ZARCA.

I had witness strong

Before I saw you!

I fitted all my memories with the chat
Of one named Juan. I learned all
The story of your Spanish nurture—all
The promise of your fortune. When at last
I fronted you, my little maid full-grown,
Belief was turned to vision. Therefore I sought—
Therefore I come to claim you—claim my child.

FEDALMA [*after a moment, slowly and distinctly, as
if accepting a doom*].

Then . . . I was born . . . a Zíncala?

ZARCA.

Of a blood

Unmixed as virgin wine-juice.

Your flesh

Stamped with your people's faith.

FEDALMA [*bitterly*].

The Gipsies' faith?

Men say they have none.

ZARCA.

Oh, it is a faith

Taught by no priest, but by their beating hearts;

Faith to each other: the fidelity

Of men whose pulses leap with kindred fire,

Who in the flash of eyes, the clasp of hands,

Feel the mystic stirring of a common life

Which makes the many one.

And you have sworn—even with your infant breath

You *too* were pledged . . .

FEDALMA.

To what? what have I sworn?

ZARCA.

To take the heirship of the Gipsy's child;
The child of him, who, being chief, will be
The savior of his tribe.

FEDALMA.

Say what is my *task*.

ZARCA.

To be the angel of a homeless tribe:
To help me bless a race taught by no prophet
And make their name, now but a badge of scorn,
A glorious banner floating in their midst.
I'll guide my brethren forth to their new land,
Where they shall plant and sow and reap their own.
That land awaits them: they await their chief—
Me who am prisoned. All depends on you.

FEDALMA [*rising to her full height, and looking solemnly at ZARCA*].

Father, your child is ready! She will not
Forsake her kindred; she will brave all scorn
Sooner than scorn herself. Father, listen.
The Duke to-morrow weds me secretly:
But straight he will present me as his wife
To all his household, cavaliers and dames
And noble pages. Then I will declare
Before them all, "I am his daughter, his,
The Gipsy's, owner of this golden badge."
Then I shall win your freedom; then the Duke—

Why, he will be your son!—will send you forth
With aid and honors. Then, before all eyes
I'll clasp this badge on you, and lift my brow
For you to kiss it, saying by that sign,
“I glory in my father.” This, to-morrow.

ZARCA.

A woman's dream! What! marry first,
And then proclaim your birth? Share another's name,
Then treat it as you will? How will that tune
Ring in your bridegroom's ears—that sudden song
Of triumph in your Gipsy father?

FEDALMA.

Oh, I am not afraid!
His love for me is stronger than all hate.
He will never hate the race that bore him
What he loves the most. And to-morrow,
Father, as surely as this heart shall beat,
You—every Gipsy chained, shall be set free.

ZARCA.

Too late, too poor a service that, my child!
Not so the woman who would save her tribe
Must help its heroes—not by wordy breath,
By easy prayers strong in a lover's ear.
Other work is yours.

FEDALMA.

What work?—what is it that you ask of me?
Stay! never utter it!
If it can part my lot from his whose love
Has chosen me. Talk not of oaths, of birth,
Of men as numerous as the dim white stars—

No ills on earth, though you should count them up
With grains to make a mountain, can outweigh
For me his ill who is my supreme love.

ZARCA.

I know, I know it well—
The first young passionate wail of spirits called
To some great destiny. In vain, my daughter!
Hear what you have to do.
My comrades even now file off their chains
In a low turret by the battlements,
Where we were locked with slight and sleepy guard—
We who had files hid in our shaggy hair,
And possible ropes that waited but our will
In half our garments. Oh, the Moorish blood
Runs thick and warm to us, though thinned by chrism.
I found a friend among our gaolers—one
Who loves the Gipsy as the Moor's ally.
I know the secrets of this fortress. Listen.
Hard by yon terrace is a narrow stair,
Cut in the living rock, and at one point
A low wooden door, that art has bossed
To such unevenness, it seems one piece
With the rough-hewn rock. Open that door, it leads
Through a broad passage burrowed underground
A good half-mile out to the open plain:
Made for escape, in dire extremity. To find that door
Needs one who knows the number of the steps
Just to the turning-point; to open it,
Needs one who knows the secret of the bolt.
You have that secret: you will ope that door,
And fly with us.

FEDALMA [*receding a little, and gathering herself up in an attitude of resolve opposite to ZARCA*].

No, I will never fly!
Never forsake that chief half of my soul
Where lies my love. I swear to set you free.
Ask for no more; it is not possible.
Father, my soul is not too base to ring
At touch of your great thoughts. But—
Look at these hands! You say when they were little
They played about the gold upon your neck.
I do believe it, but see them now!
Oh, they have made fresh record; twined themselves
With other throbbing hands whose pulses feed
Not memories only, but a blended life—
Life that will bleed to death if it be severed.
Have pity on me, father! Wait the morning;
Say you will wait the morning. I will win
Your freedom openly: you shall go forth
With aid and honors. Silva will deny
Nought to my asking . . .

ZARCA.

You cannot free us and come back to him.

FEDALMA.

And why?

I only owe

A daughter's debt; I was not born a slave.

ZARCA.

No, not a slave; but you were born to reign.
'Tis a compulsion of a higher sort,
Whose fetters are the net invisible
That holds all life together.
You belong to your tribe.

FEDALMA.

No!

I belong to him who loves me—whom I love—
To whom I pledged a woman's truth. And that is
[nature too,
Issuing a fresher law than laws of birth.

ZARCA.

Unmake yourself, then, from a Zíncala—
Unmake yourself from being child of mine!
Will you adopt a soul without its thoughts,
Or grasp a life apart from flesh and blood?
Till then you cannot wed a Spanish Duke
And not wed shame at mention of your race,
That child of mine who weds my enemy—
Forsakes her people, leaves their poverty
To join the luckier crowd that mocks their woes—
That child of mine is doubly murderess,
Murdering her father's hope, her people's trust.
Such draughts are mingled in your cup of love!

FEDALMA.

No!

But if I part from him I part from joy.
Oh, it was morning with us—I seemed young.
But now I know I am an aged sorrow—
My people's sorrow. Father, since I am yours—
Put cords upon me, drag me to the doom
My birth has laid upon me. I cannot will to go.

ZARCA.

Will then to stay! You, my only heir,
Are called to reign for me when I am gone.

Now choose your deed: to save or to destroy.
 You, a born Zíncala—you hold a curse
 Or blessing in the hollow of your hand—
 Say you will loose that hand from fellowship, [race!
 Let go the rescuing rope. Say you will curse your

FEDALMA.

No, no—I will not say it—I will go!
 Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
 Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery. Father, I
 [will go.
 I will strip off these gems. Some happier bride
 Shall wear them, since Fedalma would be dowered
 With nought but curses.

[*She begins to take off her jewels.*]

Now, good gems, we part,
 Speak of me always tenderly to Silva.

[*She pauses, turning to ZARCA.*]

O father, will the women of our tribe
 Suffer as I do, in the years to come
 When you have made them great in Africa?
 Redeemed from ignorant ills only to feel
 A conscious woe? Then—is it worth the pains?

ZARCA.

Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
 By falterers who ask for certainty.

FEDALMA.

I will not be half-hearted: never yet
 Fedalma did aught with a wavering soul.

Father, come!

ZARCA.

But write now to the Spaniard.

FEDALMA.

Yes, I will write, but he—
Oh, he would know it—he would never think
The chain that dragged me from him could be aught
But scorching iron entering in my soul.

[*She writes.*]

*“Silva, sole love—he came—my father came.
I am the daughter of the Gipsy chief
Who means to be the savior of our tribe.
He calls on me to live for his great end.
To live? nay, die for it. Fedalma dies
In leaving Silva: all that lives henceforth
Is the poor Zíncala.”*

Father, now I go
To wed my people's lot.

ZARCA.

To wed a crown.
Our people's lowly lot we will make royal—
Come, my Queen!

FEDALMA.

Stay, my betrothal ring!—one kiss—farewell!
O love, you were my crown. No other crown
Is aught but thorns on my poor woman's brow.

SCENE V.

A Rocky Pass leading to Bedmár.

Beauteous Night lay dead
 Under the pall of twilight, and the love-star
 Sickened and shrank. Silva was marching homeward.
 He had delight in all that told
 Of hurrying movement to o’ertake his thought
 Already in Bedmár, close to Fedalma,
 Leading her forth a wedded bride, fast vowed.
 Sudden within the pass a horseman rose.
 It was his friend Don Alvar whom he saw
 Reining his horse up, face to face with him,
 Sad as the twilight, all his clothes ill-girt—
 Silva believed he saw the worst—the town
 Stormed by the infidel.
 But with a marble face, he only said,
 “What evil, Alvar?”

“What this paper speaks.”

It was Fedalma’s letter folded close
 And mute as yet for Silva.

“It will smite hard, my lord: a private grief.
 The smaller ill is that our Gipsy prisoners have
 [escaped.]”

“Bid them march on faster.”

Silva pushed forward—held the paper crushed
 Close in his right. “They have imprisoned her.”
 “No—when they came to fetch her she was gone.”
 Swift as the right touch on a spring, that word
 Made Silva read the letter. She was gone!
 But not into lockéd darkness—only gone
 Into free air—where he might find her yet.
 This misery had yet a taste of joy.

But she was gone!

SCENE VI.

The Castle.

The sun had risen, and in the castle walls
The light grew strong and stronger. Silva walked
Through the long corridor where dimness yet
Cherished a lingering, flickering, dying hope.
But in the rooms inexorable light
Streamed through the open window where she fled,
Streamed on the belt and coronet thrown down—
Mute witnesses—sought out the typic ring
That sparkled on the crimson, solitary,
Wounding him like a word. O hateful light!
It filled the chambers with her absence, glared
On all the motionless things her hand had touched.
It was the lute, the gems, the pictured heads
He longed to crush, because they made no sign
But of insistence that she was not there,
She who had filled his sight and hidden them.
He went forth on the terrace tow'rd the stairs,
Saw the rained petals of the cistus flowers
Crushed by large feet; but on one shady spot
Far down the steps, where dampness made a home,
He saw a footprint delicate-slippered, small,
So dear to him; he searched for sister-prints,
Searched in the rock-hewn passage with a lamp
For other trace of her, and found a glove;
But not Fedalma's. It was Juan's glove,
Tasselled, perfumed, embroidered with his name,
A gift of dames. Then Juan, too, was gone?
So Don Alvar told,
Conveying outside rumor. But the Duke

Would show no agitated front in quest
Of small disclosures. What her writing bore
Had been enough. He knew that she was gone,
Knew why.

This Chief

Might still be treated with, would not refuse
A proffered ransom, which would better serve
Gipsy prosperity, give him more power
Over his tribe, than any fatherhood.
The Gipsy chieftain had foreseen a price
That would be paid him for his daughter's dower.
Silva said, "She is not lost to me.
What barrier is this Gipsy? a mere gate
I'll find the key for."

SCENE VII.

The Gipsy Camp.—Enter Fedalma, wearing the costume of the Gipsies, and attended by Juan.

JUAN.

How is it with you, lady? You look sad.

FEDALMA.

Oh, I am sick at heart. The eye of day,
The insistent summer sun, seems pitiless,
Shining in all the barren crevices
Of weary life, leaving no shade, no dark,
Where I may dream that hidden waters lie.
And, Juan, you—you, too, are cruel.

Deny it not,

You know how many leagues this camp of ours
Lies from Bedmár—what mountains lie between—

Could tell me if you would about the Duke—
That he is comforted, sees how he gains
Losing the Zíncala, finds now how slight
The thread Fedalma made in that rich web,
A Spanish noble's life. No, that is false!
He never would think lightly of our love.
Some evil has befallen him—he's slain—
Has sought for danger and has beckoned death
Because I made all life seem treachery.
Tell me the worst—be merciful—no worst,
Against the hideous painting of my fear,
Would not show like a better.
Sit now, and tell me all.

JUAN.

That all is nought.
Your father trusts no secret to the echoes.
Why, if he found me knowing aught too much,
He would straight gag or strangle me, and say,
"Poor hound! it was a pity that his bark
Could chance to mar my plans."

FEDALMA.

Good Juan, I could have no nobler friend.
You'd ope your veins and let your life-blood out
To save another's pain, yet hide the deed with jesting.
Shall I, to ease my fevered restlessness,
Raise peevish moans?
No! On the close-thronged spaces of the earth
A battle rages: Fate has carried me
'Mid the thick arrows: I will keep my stand—
Not shrink and let the shaft pass by my breast

To pierce another. Oh, 'tis written large
The thing I have to do.
Leave me in this green spot, but come again.

JUAN.

Queen, farewell! *[Exit JUAN.]*

FEDALMA.

Best friend, my well-spring in the wilderness!
[Enter ZARCA.]

ZARCA.

My royal daughter!

FEDALMA.

Father, I joy to see your safe return.
Is the task achieved
That was to be the herald of our flight?

ZARCA.

Not outwardly, but to my inward vision
Things are achieved when they are well begun.
You shall not long count days in weariness.
Ere the full moon has waned again to new,
We shall reach Almería.

Say, now, my child,
You will not falter, not look back and long
For unfledged ease in some soft alien nest.

FEDALMA.

Father, my soul is weak, the mist of tears
Still rises to my eyes, and hides the goal
Which to your undimmed sight is fixed and clear.
But faithfulness can feed on suffering,

And knows no disappointment. Trust in me!
Father, I will be true!

ZARCA.

I trust that word.
Now I must hasten back. Farewell, my younger self—
Strong-hearted daughter! Shall I live in you
When the earth covers me?

FEDALMA.

My father, death
Should give your will divineness, make it strong
With the beseechings of a mighty soul
That left its work unfinished. Kiss me now,
*[They embrace, and she adds tremulously as
they part,]*
And when you see fair hair, be pitiful.

[Exit ZARCA.]

*[FEDALMA seats herself on the bank, leans her head
forward, and covers her face with her drapery.]*
[Enter HINDA.]

HINDA.

Our Queen! Can she be crying?
Queen, a branch of roses
So sweet you'll love to smell them. 'Twas the last.
I climbed the bank to get it before Tralla,
And slipped and scratched my arm. But I don't mind.
You love the roses—so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
Then all the valley would be pink and white
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light

As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be
Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once!
Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
Will it rain roses?

FEDALMA.

No, my prattler, no!
It never will rain roses: when we want
To have more roses we must plant more trees.
But you want nothing, little one—the world
Just suits you as it suits the tawny squirrels.
Come, you want nothing.

HINDA.

Yes, I want more berries—
Red ones—to wind about my neck and arms
When I am married—on my ankles too
I want to wind red berries, and on my head.

FEDALMA.

Who is it you are fond of? Tell me, now.

HINDA.

O Queen, you know! It could be no one else
But Ismaël. He catches all the birds,
Knows where the speckled fish are, scales the rocks,
And sings and dances with me when I like.
How should I marry and not marry him?

FEDALMA.

Should you have loved him, had he been a Moor,
Or white Castilian?

HINDA [*starting*].

Are you angry, Queen?
Say why you will think shame of your poor Hinda?
She'd sooner be a rat and hang on thorns
Than be an outcast, spit at by her tribe.

FEDALMA.

I think no evil—am not angry, child.
But would you part from Ismaël? leave him now
If your chief bade you—said it was for good
To all your tribe that you must part from him?

HINDA [*giving a sharp cry*].

Ah, will he say so?

FEDALMA [*almost fierce in her earnestness*].

Nay, child, answer me.
Could you leave Ismaël? get into a boat
And see the waters widen 'twixt you two
Till all was water and you saw him not,
And knew that you would never see him more?
If 'twas your chief's command, and if he said
Your tribe would all be slaughtered, die of plague,
Of famine—madly drink each other's blood . . .

HINDA [*trembling*].

O Queen, if it is so, tell Ismaël.

FEDALMA.

You would obey, then? part from him for ever?

HINDA.

How could we live else? With our brethren lost?—
No marriage feast? The day would turn to dark.
A Zíncala cannot live without her tribe.
I must obey! Poor Ismaël—poor Hinda!
But will it ever be so cold and dark?
Oh, I would sit upon the rocks and cry,
And cry so long that I could cry no more.

FEDALMA.

No, Hinda, no!
Thou never shalt be called to part from him.
I will have berries for thee, red and black,
And I will be so glad to see thee glad,
That earth will seem to hold enough of joy
To outweigh all the pangs of those who part.
Be comforted, bright eyes. See, I will tie
These roses in a crown for *thee* to wear.

HINDA [*clapping her hands*].

Oh, I'm as glad as many little foxes—
I will find Ismaël, and tell him all.

[*She runs off.*]

FEDALMA.

She has the strength I lack.
I could be firm, could give myself the wrench
And walk erect, hiding my life-long wound,
If I but saw the fruit of all my pain.
But now I totter, seeing no far goal:
I tread the rocky pass, and pause and grasp,
Guided by flashes. When my father comes,
And breathes into my soul his generous hope—
By his own greatness making life seem great,

Resolve is strong: I can embrace my sorrow,
 Nor nicely weigh the fruit; possessed with need
 Solely to do the noblest, though it failed—
 But soon the glow dies out, the trumpet strain
 That vibrated as strength through all my limbs
 Is heard no longer;
 Then I sink helpless—sink into the arms
 Of all sweet memories, and dream of bliss:
 See looks that penetrate like tones; hear tones
 That flash looks with them. Even now I feel
 Soft airs enwrap me, as if yearning rays
 Of some far presence touched me with their warmth
 And brought a tender murmuring . . .

[While she mused,
 A figure came from out the olive trees, paused
 At sight of her; then slowly forward moved
 With careful steps, and gently said, "*Fedalma!*"
 She quivered, rose, but turned not. Soon again:
 "*Fedalma, it is Silva!*" Then she turned.

Vision held her still
 One moment, then with gliding motion swift,
 She found her rest within his circling arms.]

FEDALMA.

O love, you are living, and believe in me!

You did not hate me, then—
 Think me an ingrate—think my love was small
 That I forsook you?

DON SILVA.

Dear, I trusted you
 As holy men trust God. You could do nought
 That was not pure and loving—though the deed
 Might pierce me unto death.

FEDALMA.

I thought I had so much to tell you, love—
Long eloquent stories—how it all befell.
But if it all were said, 'twould end in this,
That I still loved you when I fled away.
But tell me how you came. Where are your guards?
Is there no risk? And now I look at you,
This garb is strange . . .

DON SILVA.

I came alone.

FEDALMA.

Alone?

DON SILVA.

Yes—fled in secret. There was no way else
To find you safely.

FEDALMA.

Silva!

DON SILVA.

It is nought.
Enough that I am here. You left me once
To set your father free. That task is done,
And you are mine again. [*Enter ZARCA, unobserved.*]

I have braved all
That I might find you, see your father, win
His furtherance in bearing you away
To some safe refuge. Are we not betrothed?

FEDALMA [*keeping his hand*].

Silva, if now between us came a sword,
Severed my arm, and left our two hands clasped,
This poor maimed arm would feel the clasp till death.
What parts us is a sword . . .

[ZARCA *has been advancing in the background*
He has drawn his sword, and now thrusts
the naked blade between them.]

ZARCA.

Ay, 'tis a sword
That parts the Spaniard and the Zíncala:
A sword that was baptized in Christian blood.
[*Resting the point of his sword on the ground.*
My lord Duke,

I was a guest within your fortress once
Against my will; had entertainment too—
Much like a galley-slave's. Pray, have you sought
The Zíncala's camp, to find a fit return
For that Castilian courtesy?

DON SILVA.

Chief, I have brought no scorn to meet your scorn]
I came because love urged me—that deep love
I bear to her whom you call daughter—her
Whom I reclaim as my betrothed bride.

ZARCA.

Doubtless you bring for final argument
Your men-at-arms who will escort your bride?

DON SILVA.

I came alone. The only force I bring
Is tenderness. Nay, I will trust besides

In all the pleadings of a father's care
To wed his daughter as her nurture bids.
And for your tribe—whatever purposed good
Your thoughts may cherish, I will make secure
With the strong surety of a noble's power;
My wealth shall be your treasury.

ZARCA [*with irony*].

My thanks!

To me you offer liberal price.
I tell you, were you King of Aragon,
And won my daughter's hand, your higher rank
Would blacken her dishonor. Our people's faith
Is faithfulness; not the rote-learned belief
That we are heaven's highest favorites,
But the resolve that being most forsaken
Among the sons of men, we will be true
Each to the other, and our common lot.
I speak not now to you, but to my daughter.
If she still calls it good to take a lot
That measures joy for her as she forgets
Her kindred and her kindred's misery,
Nor feels the softness of her downy couch
Marred by remembrance that she once forsook
The place that she was born to—let her go!
She is my only offspring; in her veins
She bears the blood her tribe has trusted in.
Now choose, Fedalma!

[But her choice was made.

Slowly, while yet her father spoke, she moved
To choose sublimer pain.]

FEDALMA.

Silva, it is fate.
Great Fate has made me heiress of this woe.
You must forgive Fedalma all her debt:
She is quite beggared. It is truth
My father speaks: the Spanish noble's wife
Were a false Zíncala. Dear, farewell!
I must go with my people.

DON SILVA.

No, I will never leave you!
What if my words
Were meant for deeds, decisive as a leap
Into the current? I faced all risks
To find Fedalma. Action speaks again
When I, a Spanish noble, here declare
That I abide with her, adopt her lot,
Claiming alone fulfilment of her vows
As my betrothed wife.

FEDALMA.

Nay, Silva, nay!
You could not live so—spring from your high place . . .

DON SILVA.

Yes, I have said it. And you, chief, are bound
By her strict vows, no stronger fealty
Being left to cancel them.

ZARCA.

Strong words, my lord!
Sounds fatal as the hammer-strokes that shape
The glowing metal: they must shape your life.

That you will claim my daughter is to say
That you will leave your Spanish dignities,
Your home, your wealth, your people, to become
Wholly a Zíncalo: take the deep oath
That binds you to us; rest within our camp,
Nevermore hold command of Spanish men,
And keep my orders. See, my lord, you lock
A many-winding chain—a heavy chain.

DON SILVA.

I have but one resolve: let the rest follow.
What is my *rank*? I shall be no more missed
Than waves are missed that leaping on the rock
Find there a bed and rest.
And I have said it: she shall be my people,
And where she gives her life I will give mine.

ZARCA.

You are agreed, my lord?

DON SILVA.

Agreed to all.

ZARCA.

Then I will give the summons to our camp.
We will adopt you as a brother now,
After our wonted fashion.

[*Exit* ZARCA.]

FEDALMA.

O my lord!

I think the earth is trembling.
You—join—our tribe? Silva, had you but said
That you would die—that were an easy task

For you who oft have fronted death in war.
But so to live for me—you, used to rule—
You could not breathe the air my father breathes:
His presence is subjection. Go, my lord!
Fly while there is yet time. Wait not to speak.
I will declare that I refused your love—
Would keep no vows to you . . .

DON SILVA.

It is too late.
You shall not thrust me back to seek a good
Apart from you. And what good? Why, to face
Your absence—all the want that drove me forth—
Life at least gives choice of ills; forces me to *defy*,
But shall not force me to a *weak* defiance.

Let him command,
For when your father speaks, I shall hear you.
Life were no gain if you were lost to me:
I would go straight and seek the Moorish walls,
Challenge their bravest, and embrace swift death.

FEDALMA.

My father shook my soul awake. And you—
The bonds Fedalma may not break for you,
I cannot joy that you should break for her.

DON SILVA.

Oh, Spanish men are not a petty band
Where one deserter makes a fatal breach.
See where your father comes and brings a crowd
Of witnesses to hear my oath of love;
This seems a valley in some strange new world,
Where we have found each other, my Fedalma.

SCENE VIII.

The Plaça Santiago in Bedmár. A crowd of townsmen forming an outer circle: within, Zíncali and Moorish soldiers. Moorish music. Zarca enters, wearing his gold necklace with the Gipsy badge over the dress of a Moorish Captain, accompanied by a small band of armed Zíncali, who fall aside and range themselves with the other soldiers while he takes his stand in front. The music ceases, and there is expectant silence.

ZARCA.

Men of Bedmár, well-wishers, and allies,
Whether of Moorish or of Hebrew blood,
Who, being galled by the hard Spaniard's yoke,
Have welcomed our quick conquest as release,
I, Zarca, chief of Spanish Gipsies, hold
By delegation of the Moorish King
Supreme command within this town and fort.
And, as ye know, while I was prisoner here,
Forging the bullets meant for Moorish hearts,
But likely now to reach another mark,
I learned the secrets of the town's defence,
Caught the loud whispers of your discontent,
And so could serve the purpose of the Moor.
My Zíncali, lynx-eyed and lithe of limb,
Tracked out the high Sierra's hidden path,
Guided the hard ascent, and were the first
To scale the walls and brave the showering stones.
Ye wish us well, I think, and are our friends?

CROWD.

Long life to Zarca and his Zíncali!

[*Enter DON SILVA.*]

DON SILVA.

Chief, you are treacherous, cruel, devilish!—

Oh, it was bitter wrong

To hold this knowledge locked within your mind,

To stand with waking eyes in broadest light,

And see me, dreaming, shed my kindred's blood.

ZARCA.

You are not commander of Bedmár,

Nor duke, nor knight, nor anything for me,

Save a sworn Gipsy, subject with my tribe,

Over whose deeds my will is absolute.

You chose that lot, and would have railed at me

Had I refused it you: I warned you first

What oaths you had to take . . .

DON SILVA.

You never warned me

That you had linked yourself with Moorish men

To take this town and fortress of Bedmár—

Slay my near kinsman—slay my friend,

My chosen brother—desecrate the church—

You never warned . . .

ZARCA.

I warned you of your oath.

You shrank not, were resolved, were sure your place

Would never miss you, and you had your will.

DON SILVA.

I said my place would never miss me—yes!
A thousand Spaniards died on that same day
And were not missed.

ZARCA.

But you were just the one
Above the thousand, had you known the die
That fate was throwing then.

DON SILVA.

You knew it—you!
With fiendish knowledge, smiling at the end.
You knew what snares had made my flying steps
Murderous.

ZARCA.

The deed was done
Before you took your oath, or reached our camp,—
Done when you slipped in secret from the post
'Twas yours to keep, and not to meditate
If others might not fill it. For your oath,
What man is he who brandishes a sword
In darkness, kills his friends, and rages then
Against the night that kept him ignorant?

Stand aside, my lord!
You vowed obedience to me, your chief.
To me you're nought more than a Zíncalo in revolt.

DON SILVA.

No, I'm no Zíncalo! I here disown
The name I took in madness. Here I tear
This badge away. I am a Catholic knight,
A Spaniard who will die a Spaniard's death!

[With sudden snatch
At something hidden in his breast, he strode
Right upon Zarca; at the instant, down
Fell the great Chief, and Silva, staggering back,
Heard not the Gipsies' shriek, felt not the fangs
Of their fierce grasp—heard, felt but Zarca's words
Which seemed his soul outleaping in a cry.]

ZARCA.

My daughter! call her! Call my daughter!
Stay!

Tear not the Spaniard, tie him to the stake.

[Swiftly they tied him, pleasing vengeance so
With promise that would leave them free to watch
Their stricken good, their Chief stretched helplessly
Pillowed upon the strength of loving limbs.

And now around him closed
His people all, holding their wails suppressed.
Eager they stood, but hushed.

But the cry, "She comes!"
Parted the crowd like waters.

She knew—saw all:
The stake with Silva bound—her father pierced—
To this she had been born: a second time
Her father called her to the task of life.]

ZARCA.

My daughter, you have promised—you will live
To save our people.
Your weakness may be stronger than my strength,
Winning more love. . . . I cannot tell the end. . . .
I held my people's good within my breast.
Behold, now I deliver it to you.

Let loose the Spaniard! give him back his sword:
He cannot move to any vengeance more.

My daughter,
I cannot see you more . . . the Night is come.
Be strong . . . remember . . .

[His voice went into silence.

Slow from the face the ethereal spirit waned,
As wanes the parting glory from the heights,
And leaves them in their pallid majesty.
The wailing men in eager press closed round,
And made a shadowing pall beneath the sun.
They lifted reverent the prostrate strength,
Sceptred anew by death. Fedalma walked
Tearless, erect, following the dead—her cries
Deep smothering in her breast, as one who guides
Her children through the wilds, and sees and knows
Of danger more than they, and feels more pangs,
Yet shrinks not, groans not, bearing in her heart
Their ignorant misery and their trust in her.]

SCENE IX.

The Bay of Almería.

THE eastward rocks of Almería's bay
Answer long farewells of the traveling sun
With softest glow. All the Moorish ships
Seem conscious too, and shoot out sudden shadows;
Show decks as busy as a home of ants
Storing new forage.
Hither and thither, grave white-turbaned Moors
Move helpfully, and some bring welcome gifts,

Bright stuffs and cutlery, and bags of seed
To make new waving crops in Africa.
Raised by stone steps that sought a jutting strand,
Fedalma stood and marked with anxious watch
Each laden boat the remnant lessening
Of cargo on the shore, imaging oft anew
How much of labor still deferred the hour
When they must lift the boat and her feet must quit
This shore for ever. Motionless she stood,
Black-robed, but bearing wide upon her breast
Her father's golden necklace and his badge.
Her limbs were motionless, but in her eyes
And in her breathing lip's soft tremulous curve
Was intense motion as of prisoned fire
Escaping subtly in outleaping thought.

Far, far the future stretched
Beyond that busy present on the quay,
Far her straight path beyond it.

But emerging now
From eastward fringing lines of idling men
Quick Juan lightly sought the upward steps
Behind Fedalma, and two paces off,
With head uncovered, said in gentle tones,
"Lady Fedalma!"—(Juan's password now
Used by no other), and Fedalma turned,
Knowing who sought her. Lower still he spoke.

JUAN.

Look from me, lady, towards a moving form
That quits the crowd and seeks the lonelier strand—
A tall and gray-clad pilgrim. . . .

FEDALMA.

It is he!

JUAN.

See now—

Does he not linger—pause?—perhaps expect . . .

[Juan plead timidly: Fedalma's eyes
Flashed. She was mute and made no gesture.]

JUAN.

He came from Carthagená in a boat
Too slight for safety; yon small two-oared boat
Below the rock; the fisher-boy within
Awaits his signal. But the pilgrim waits. . . .

FEDALMA.

Yes, I will go!—Father, I owe him this,
For loving me made all his misery.
And we will look once more—will say farewell
As in a solemn rite to strengthen us
For our eternal parting. Juan, stay
Here in my place, to warn me, were there need.

[She, down the steps along the sandy brink
To where he stood, walked firm.
He moved at sight of her: their glances met.
Two paces off they stood and silently
Looked at each other. Was it well to speak?
Could speech be clearer, stronger, tell them more
Than that long gaze of their renouncing love?
They passed from silence hardly knowing how;
It seemed they heard each other's thought before.]

DON SILVA.

I go to be absolved, to have my life
Washed into fitness for an offering
To injured Spain. But I have nought to give
For that last injury to her I loved
Better than I loved Spain.
I bring no puling pray'èr, Fedalma—ask
No balm of pardon that may soothe my soul
For others' bleeding wounds: I am not come
To say, "Forgive me:" you must not forgive,
For you must see me ever as I am—
Your father's . . .

FEDALMA.

Speak it not! We two,
Grasping we knew not what, that seemed delight—

DON SILVA.

We two?—
Fedalma, you were blameless, helpless.

FEDALMA.

No!

It shall not be that you did aught alone.
For when we loved I willed to reign in you,
And I was jealous even of the day
If it could gladden you apart from me.
And so, it must be that I shared each deed
Our love was root of.
Nay, Silva, think of me as one who sees
A light serene and strong on one sole path
Which she will tread till death . . .

He trusted me, and I will keep his trust:
My life shall be its temple. That is my chief good.
The deepest hunger of a faithful heart
Is faithfulness. Wish me nought else. And you—
You too will live. . . .

DON SILVA.

I go to Rome, to seek
The right to use my knightly sword again;
The right to fill my place and live or die
So that all Spaniards shall not curse my name.
I sat one hour upon the barren rock
And longed to kill myself; but then I said,
I will not leave my name in infamy,
I will not take my stand
Among the coward crew who could not bear
The harm themselves had done, which others bore.
My young life yet may fill some fatal breach,
And I will take no pardon, not my own,
Not God's—no pardon idly on my knees;
But it shall come to me upon my feet
And in the thick of action, and each deed
That carried shame and wrong shall be the sting
That drives me higher up the steep of honor. Aloud
I said, "I will redeem my name," and then—
I know not if aloud: I felt the words
Drinking up all my senses—"She still lives.
I would not quit the dear familiar earth
Where both of us behold the self-same sun,
Where there can be no strangeness 'twixt our thoughts
So deep as their communion." Resolute
I rose and walked.—Fedalma, think of me
As one who seeks but to renew and keep the vows
Of Spanish knight and noble.

FEDALMA.

We must walk
Apart unto the end. Our marriage rite
Is our resolve that we will each be true
To high allegiance, higher than our love.

Yet we are wed;
For we shall carry each the pressure deep
Of the other's soul. I soon shall leave the shore.
The winds to-night will bear me far away.
My lord, farewell!

He did not say "Farewell."
But neither knew that he was silent.
At last she turned and with swift movement passed,—
Mounted the steps again and took her place,
Which Juan rendered silently.

Nadar had approached.
Was the Queen ready? For the largest boat
Was waiting at the quay, the last strong band
Of Zíncali had ranged themselves in lines
To guard her passage and to follow her.
"Yes, I am ready;"
And then descending followed. All was still.

Fedalma stepped
From off the shore and saw it flee away—
The land that bred her helping the resolve
Which exiled her for ever.

It was night
Before the ships weighed anchor and gave sail;
Fresh Night emergent in her clearness, lit
By the large crescent moon, with Hesperus,
And those great stars that lead the eager host.
Fedalma stood and watched the little bark
Lying jet-black upon moon-whitened waves.

Silva was standing too. He too divined
A steadfast form that held him with its thought,
And eyes that sought him vanishing: he saw
The waters widen slowly, till at last
Straining he gazed, and knew not if he gazed
On aught but blackness overhung by stars.

[THE END.]

Critical Résumé
of
“The Spanish Gipsy”



CRITICAL RÉSUMÉ OF "THE SPANISH GIPSY."

By FLORENCE P. HOLDEN.

[Condensed from article in "Werner's Magazine." (Copyright, 1898, by EDGAR S. WERNER.) Complete article sent for 35 cents.]

"'Tis the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
Like tattered leaflets, breathing on the deep:
Broad-breasted Spain."

THE opening description serves for introduction, as in a sweep of vision lessening by degrees the poet shows first the lands of southern Europe, then Spain, next the town, and finally centres the gaze on the hero: a not uncommon method, but a pleasing one. See how charmingly the picture of the town is sketched:

"This town that dips its feet within the stream,
And seems to sit a tower-crowned Cybele,
Spreading her ample robe adown the rocks,
Is rich Bedmár."

Now the hero's name is announced, and, the place of the dramatic action having been shown, the time is discussed.

"To keep the Christian frontier—such high trust
Is young Duke Silva's; and the time is great."

The restatement "the time is great" shows the parenthetical description at an end and links the

thought back to the first statement, giving a description of the Duke himself. The Duke's titles and ancestry are declared and his command made known. Thought-antithesis is used again, serving to link the idea of his power of command with

"himself commanded
By—
the mystery of his Spanish blood
Charged with the awe and glories of the past,"

which in the end proves itself the all-powerful force of Silva's being, after the struggles of conflicting purposes have wrought out their strife.

Now the introduction is at an end and the first scene is displayed. The "whitened tavern court of Moorish fashion" seems a place well made for loitering; and, while one awaits the real progress of the action of the story, he finds keen interest and pleasure in the characters sketched.

"Mine Host is one: . . .
loving men for naught
But his own humor."

Juan is a wondrous mechanism as to character and influence, and of more potency than one might foresee. His character runs undercurrent through the story to its very close:

"Juan was a troubadour revived,
Freshening life's dusty road with babbling rills
Of wit and song, living 'mid harnessed men
With limbs ungalled by armor, ready so
To soothe them weary, and to cheer them sad.
Guest at the board, companion in the camp,
A crystal mirror to the life around.
Such, Juan,"

whose influence is always present, hidden often darkly below the cause of actions, but bubbling forth

in lyric interludes, characteristic of Spain and Spain's life of dance and song. Roldan, the jester, is here with his little lame son, Pablo, who

"Sings God-taught such marrow-thrilling strains
As seem the very voice of dying Spring.

We see them all,
And hear their talk,—the talk of Spanish men,
With Southern intonation, vowels turned
Caressingly between the consonants."

Here first Silva is talked of, then comes the Inquisition and with it talk of the Prior, then Silva and Fedalma,—the girl of unknown birth, adopted and made princess by Silva's mother—and with them Spanish knighthood is discussed and lowly birth just hinted at, later to be taken up as a study in heredity. So these, the Inquisition and heredity, leading to Spanish knighthood and to Gipsy traits, are the author's real subjects, and are here announced so subordinately that they are not recognized as such until the thought tends back to this first scene as the story goes on. Lopez, the soldier comes in, and his character with the others in the tavern-court is epitomized in a masterly fashion. Listen to Juan's summing up of Silva's knighthood and his love;

"Yes, yes, consult thy spurs:
Spurs are a sign of knighthood, and should tell thee
That knightly love is blent with reverence
As heavenly air is blent with heavenly blue.
Don Silva's heart beats to a loyal tune:
He wills no highest-born Castilian dame,
Betrothed to highest noble, should be held
More sacred than Fedalma. He enshrines
Her virgin image for the general awe
And for his own—will guard her from the world,
Nay, his profaner self, lest he should lose
The place of his religion. He does well.
Naught can come closer to the poet's strain."

HOST.

"Or farther from his practice, Juan, eh?
If thou'rt a sample?"

JUAN.

"Wrong there, my Lorenzo!
Touching Fedalma the poor poet plays
A finer part even than the noble Duke."

Here is the first manifestation of that wonderful devotion that is the motive for much of the action that follows in the drama of circumstance, of struggle and hopelessness. Further he speaks:

"There's a poor poet (poor, I mean, in coin)
Worships Fedalma with so true a love
That if her silken robe were changed for rags,
And she were driven out to stony wilds
Barefoot, a scornéd wanderer, he would kiss
Her ragged garment's edge, and only ask
For leave to be her slave."

Soon we have Juan's first *cancion*, the first of those lyric interludes so charmingly sprinkled throughout the work, redolent of old Spain. Juan's second song pleases his listeners better than the first, for Blasco speaks:

"Faith, a good song, sung to a stirring tune.
I like the words returning in a round;
It gives a sort of sense. Another such!"

Juan has sung of Fedalma and the refrain has come in each stanza.

Linked closely to this, after the interruption incident to the departure of Roldan and his little company to prepare for the show on the *Plaça*, comes talk of the Gipsies. The subject is introduced by Lopez stating that his duty as guard over the Gipsies will keep him from Pablo's show.

Now comes the poet's estimate of Zarca, the Gipsy chief:

"We have a Gipsy in Bedmár whose frame
Nature compacted with such fine selection,
'Twould yield a dozen types."

The Host explains how

"Juan's fantastic pleasure is to watch
These Gipsies forging, and to hold discourse
With this great chief."

Juan speaks on:

"He had a necklace of a strange device
In finest gold of unknown workmanship,
But delicate as Moorish, fit to kiss
Fedalma's neck, and play in shadows there."

Strange thought that here links with subtle intuition this necklace of the Gipsy chief, a prisoner, with Fedalma, the princess. It is the clever casual touch of the artist here first hinting at the idea that recurs with growing meaning throughout the story.

The scene changes to the *Plaza Santiago*, where Roldan's little show takes place with Pablo, to eke out the entertainment, and Pepita, a dear little Spanish girl who dances to Juan's music. But Roldan's little show serves a more dramatic purpose in the action of the general theme. An addition to the program comes most unexpectedly, for as

"Roldan, weary, gathers pence,
Followed by Annibal with purse and stick.
The carpet lies a colored isle untrod,
Inviting feet: 'The dance, the dance,' resounds,
The bow entreats with slow melodic strain,
And all the air with expectation yearns."

George Eliot has made this last line strong, and one feels it must be strong indeed to give just excuse

for the next scene, for Fedalma, the princess, palace-reared, is shown dancing on the public plaça—in itself rather an unaccountable event. Notice the first impression given of Fedalma:

“A figure lithe, all white and saffron-robed,
Flashed right across the circle, and now stood,
With ripened arms uplift and regal head,
Like some tall flower whose dark and intense heart
Lies half within a tulip-tinted cup.”

Juan's lute is needed, and his voice, too, to give worthy support to the action of this scene. The climax is intense. The dance is at its height. Fedalma with tambourine raised on high, the crowd exultant, when the band of Gipsy prisoners with Zarca, their chief, pass just as the twilight bell calls to prayer. Zarca,

“Who wears a solitary chain
Heading the file, has turned to face Fedalma.
She motionless, with arm uplifted guards
The tambourine aloft (lest, sudden-lowered,
Its trivial jingle mar the duteous pause),
Reveres the general prayer, but prays not, stands
With level glance meeting the Gipsy's eyes,
That seem to her the sadness of the world
Rebuking her, the great bell's hidden thought
Now first unveiled—the sorrows unredeemed
Of races outcast, scorned, and wandering.
Why does he look at her? Why she at him?
As if the meeting light between their eyes
Made permanent union! His deep-knit brow,
Inflated nostril, scornful lip compressed,
Seem a dark hieroglyph of coming fate
Written before her.”

Notice the inner force of the lines—

“The minute brief stretched measureless, dream-filled
By a dilated new-fraught consciousness.”

Notice, too, the mention of the Gipsy's chain, for in the following scene it serves as a dramatic link for the action of the plot.

In the next scene Silva has doffed his mail and is about to ask admittance to Fedalma's apartments when the Prior craves audience. The dialogue that follows boasts many forceful lines worthy of a dramatist. The climax of the interview is the Prior's announcement that Fedalma shows infidel blood, and as a proof, tells of her daring to follow her inclinations in dancing

“—eking out the show
Made in the Praça by a mountebank.”

Quick come Don Silva's words,

“It is false!”

and the Prior's calm retort,

“Go, prove it false, then.”

The next scene shows Don Silva in the same room, to which he has returned after searching for Fedalma and finding her gone. His flood of angry impulse is checked by Fedalma's entrance. How sweetly her first words flow, blent with self-accusation:

“O my lord!
You are come back, and I was wandering!”

DON SILVA [*coldly, but with suppressed agitation*].

“You meant I should be ignorant.”

FEDALMA.

“Oh, no,
I should have told you after—not before,
Lest you should hinder me.”

Then follows the excuse—

“I only went
To see the world with Iñez—see the town,
The people, everything. It was no harm.
I did not mean to dance: it happened so
At last—”

and Silva's pain, sharp and quick—

“O God, it's true then!”

Next comes a revelation of Fedalma's character: the mixture of the influence of royal nurture and a heart savagely free, craving wild joy and love of mastery. Her love-making, in-fraught with Southern intensity, spreads a glow over the whole scene;

FEDALMA.

“I think your eyes would keep the life in me
Though I had naught to feed on else.”

The scene is subtly planned: the trying of the family jewels, Fedalma's taking up the Gipsy's necklace found within the casket and Silva's begging her to put it aside, her description of her own wild longings for freedom and her premonitory fear, Silva's urging an immediate marriage for reason of a danger that he does not disclose, but that has the Spanish Inquisition in it, we can guess. Then as they embrace in parting comes the last outburst of Fedalma's fear—

“Some chill dread possesses me!”

and Silva's reassurance—

“Oh, confidence has oft been evil augury,
So dread may hold a promise.”

Fedalma's soliloquy with the necklace is a fine bit of poet's work. The intuition in the thought is strenuous, and Juan's entrance ominous. It is from him that Fedalma learns that the quaint necklace was the Gipsy chief's, and her innate superstition seizes the fact to read into it new meanings.

We anticipate a climax, and find it in the next scene. Fedalma is alone. She cannot sleep. Some premonition makes her restless. Then comes the strange messenger. A tiny bird, dead though still warm, falls on the floor behind her. About its neck is a linen strip, and written on it in blood—

*“Dear child, Fedalma,
Be brave, give no alarm—your father comes.”*

This is the struggle of Fedalma's life. Her father, the Gipsy chief Zarca, claims her for himself and for his people's hope that she may be their Queen:

*“FEDALMA [after a moment, slowly and distinctly, as
if accepting a doom].*

Then—I was born—a Zíncala?

ZARCA.

Unmixed as virgin wine-juice.”

Of a blood

The girl's own blood, the blood of the Zíncala, pleads as strongly as Zarca, and in the end triumphs, so that Fedalma writes a farewell to Silva:

*“Silva, sole love—he came—my father came.
I am the daughter of the Gipsy chief
Who means to be the Savior of our tribe.
He calls on me to live for his great end.
To live? nay, die for it. Fedalma dies
In leaving Silva: all that lives henceforth
Is the poor Zíncala.*

“Father, now I go
To wed my people's lot.”

Zarca's part in this scene is masterful. His will is inexorable, supreme. The plan for the escape of the Gipsy band is complete. They have filed their chains, and this night with their Queen, Fedalma, leave the castle.

The next scene gives the keynote of the theme that follows. Still pursuing the description, note the dawning of the day, as

“beauteous Night lay dead
Under the pall of twilight, and the love-star
Sickened and shrank,”

and see how it serves as fit introduction for the whole motif of Silva's love-dream and its end. He is nearing the castle when Don Alvar, Silva's friend, brings Fedalma's farewell and the news that the Gipsy prisoners have escaped, Juan with them. Silva, vainly searching the palace for Fedalma, finds a glove.

“It was Juan's glove,
Tasseled, perfumed, embroidered with his name,
A gift of dames. Then Juan, too, was gone?
Full-mouthed conjecture, hurrying through the town,
Had spread the tale already; it was he
That helped the Gipsies' flight. He talked and sang
Of nothing but the Gipsies and Fedalma.
He drew the threads together, wove the plan.”

The journeying dream takes us afar and leads at last to the Gipsies' camp. Juan is introduced, and soon Fedalma appears in Moorish dress. Fedalma's speech is full of the recognition of fate, but full too of longing pain:

“I forsook him for no joy, but sorrow,
For sorrow chosen rather than a joy
That destiny made base!”

and when Juan offers to play the dangerous part of messenger to Silva:

“No, Juan, no!
Those yearning words came from a soul infirm,
Crying and struggling at the pain of bonds
Which yet it would not loosen.”

Then again:

"Shall I, to ease my fevered restlessness,
Raise peevish moans? . . .
No! On the close-thronged spaces of the earth
A battle rages: Fate has carried me
'Mid the thick arrows."

Then comes the final courage of resignation:

"I will keep my stand—
Nor shrink and let the shaft pass by my breast
To pierce another. Oh, 'tis written large
The thing I have to do."

Juan leaves her soon, having tried to cheer her sadness, and Zarca appears, heralded by a joyous shout.

'She saw him now advancing, girt with arms
That seemed like idle trophies hung for show
Beside the weight and fire of living strength
That made his fame.

All tenderly he laid
His hand upon her shoulder; tenderly
His kiss upon her brow."

He questions his daughter, tests her, and so she answers him:

"Father, my soul is weak, the mist of tears
Still rises to my eyes, and hides the goal
Which to your undimmed sight is fixed and clear.
But faithfulness can feed on suffering,
And knows no disappointment. Trust in me!
If it were needed, this poor trembling hand
Should grasp the torch—strive not to let it fall
Though it were burning down close to my flesh,
No beacon lighted yet: through the damp dark
I should still hear the cry of gasping swimmers.
Father, I will be true.

"ZARCA.

"I trust that word."

Next comes their parting and Fedalma's last words:

"Kiss me now:
And when you see fair hair, be pitiful."

Then we have a pretty scene of sympathy between Fedalma and the little Hinda. Fedalma's yearning searches far down into the truths of nature in the child, and finds there blazoned, undimmed by the worst possible of fears, this truth—child-spoken:

"A Zincala cannot live without her tribe."

The child runs off. Fedalma is alone. Her long soliloquy ends with a premonition of Silva's presence, just as he does in truth appear in search of her. The joy of meeting is soon chilled by Fedalma's fears. Silva gently rebukes:

"Your love is faint, else aught that parted us
Would seem but superstition. Love supreme
Defies dream-terrors—risks avenging fires.
I have risked all things. But your love is faint."

Zarca appears. His speech to Fedalma is a well-wrought climax of irresistible appeal, which she seeks not to resist. Still the current of fate runs potent through Fedalma's every word and motion—

"wrought upon by awe,
Her own brief life seeming a little isle
Remote through visions of a wider world
With fates close-crowded."

Still, in contrast, we see Silva determined to be master of his fate:

"He faced her, pale with passion and a will
Fierce to resist whatever might seem strong
And ask him to submit: he saw one end—
He must be conqueror; monarch of his lot
And not its tributary."

Finding that Fedalma is steadfast in her choice to live for her tribe, his love tears down all obstinacy of circumstance and floods over the wall rising to divide them. He declares that as Fedalma will not

return with him, he will not leave her, but will live with her as one of her tribe. It is a bold, brave choice. Silva is keenly aware of the meaning of his act, but is determined not to leave Fedalma to suffer alone. Zarca, after some remonstrance, shows Silva that his choice entails submission to his chief's commands, and to test him orders him to guard the heights until his own return to the camp. The tribe is seen approaching now to hear Silva's oath of allegiance.

The next scene opens with Silva's solitary watch on the heights. His love has had strong test indeed, for after the glow of action, this loneliness gives terrible time for meditation. For two days he has kept watch

"with the band of stalwart Gipsies,"

and has seen nothing of Fedalma since he took the oath of allegiance to her tribe. Alone with the Gipsy band, he has seen only Juan—

"Juan who went and came
To soothe two hearts, and claimed nought for his own;
Friend more divine than all divinities,
Quenching his human thirst in others' joy."

But the third day Juan came not,

"Now in his stead came loneliness, and thought
Inexorable, fastening with firm chain
What is to what hath been."

Thought grows intense. Memories and habits of mind long known throng fast and press hard against present circumstance.

Finally the dream of Fedalma soothes all fevered thought and fills his being. Then the summons comes to march to join Zarca's forces. Fedalma and the women of the camp had already gone for-

ward toward Almería. Silva followed. What was left for him else?

In the next scene Zarca awakens after a short sleep in the Moorish hall of the castle at Bedmár. The Gipsies had gained entrance to the town and let in the Moorish forces as had been planned and Silva's friends were slain.

The scene then changes to the Praça Santiago in Bedmár, but this time it is thronged with Moors and Jews besides the other towns-people. Zarca's speech to the crowd opens the scene. Zarca has been put in command of the town on account of his aid to the Moors and their Jewish allies, but he announces his wish not to camp on Spanish soil, but to retire with his tribe:

"we seek a home
Where we may spread and ripen like the corn
By blessing of the sun and spacious earth."

Nadar slips quickly through the crowd to Zarca's side, and whispers of Silva's defiance of Zarca's order that he should remain within the castle, and tells of his escape. Then Silva himself appears and fiercely denounces Zarca for keeping him ignorant of the alliance with the Moors and of their intention to seize Bedmár. Zarca is unmoved and commands silence. Silva rushes on Zarca and stabs him. Zarca falls, calls for his daughter, and Silva is bound to the stake.

"But the cry, 'She comes!'
Parted the crowd like waters: and she came.
Swiftly as once before, inspired with joy,
She flashed across the space and made new light,
Glowing upon the glow of evening,
So swiftly now she came, inspired with woe,
Strong with the strength of all her father's pain,
Thrilling her as with fire of rage divine

And battling energy. She knew—saw all:
 The stake with Silva bound—her father pierced—
 To this she had been born: a second time
 Her father called her to the task of life."

Then Fedalma speaks Zarca's last words to his tribe, commanding their allegiance to his daughter as their queen, and then Zarca himself speaks his final command:

"Let loose the Spaniard! give him back his sword;
 He cannot move to any vengeance more—
 His soul is locked 'twixt two opposing crimes.
 I charge you to let him go unharmed and free
 Now through your midst."

And Silva passed, gazing on Fedalma's averted face. Soon the "loud long wail" of the mourning tribe rushes forth and the chief's body is borne away, followed by Fedalma, "tearless, erect."

The last scene shows the Gipsies' embarkation on Almería's bay. They are to go to Africa. From the steps before her tent, Fedalma watches with anxious care the loading of the boats.

At last Juan comes; speaks quietly; bids her mark "a tall and gray-clad pilgrim" who moves afar.

The next is the parting scene. Silva is on his way to seek absolution at Rome.

"I go to be absolved, to have my life
 Washed into fitness for an offering
 To injured Spain.

Fedalma, think of me
 As one who will regain the only life
 Where he is other than apostate—one
 Who seeks but to renew and keep the vows
 Of Spanish knight and noble. But the breach
 Outside those vows—the fatal second breach—
 Lies a dark gulf where I have nought to cast,
 Not even expiation—poor pretense,
 Which changes nought but what survives the past,
 And raises not the dead. That deep, dark gulf
 Divides us.

"FEDALMA.

'Yes, forever. We must walk
 Apart unto the end. Our marriage rite
 Is our resolve that we will each be true
 To high allegiance, higher than our love.
 Our dear young love—its breath was happiness!
 But it had grown upon a larger life
 Which tore its roots asunder. We rebelled—
 The larger life subdued us. Yet we are wed;
 For we shall carry each the pressure deep
 Of the other's soul. I soon shall leave the shore.
 The winds to-night will bear me far away.
 My lord, farewell!"

Note the large peace in the description of the night, then the human woe at the end in the straining gaze.

"It was night
 Before the ships weighed anchor and gave sail;
 Fresh Night emergent in her clearness, lit
 By the large crescent moon, with Hesperus,
 And those great stars that lead the eager host.
 Fedalma stood and watched the little bark
 Lying jet-black upon moon-whitened waves.
 Silva was standing too. He too divined
 A steadfast form that held him with its thought,
 And eyes that sought him vanishing: he saw
 The waters widen slowly, till at last
 Straining he gazed, and knew not if he gazed
 On aught but blackness overhung by stars."





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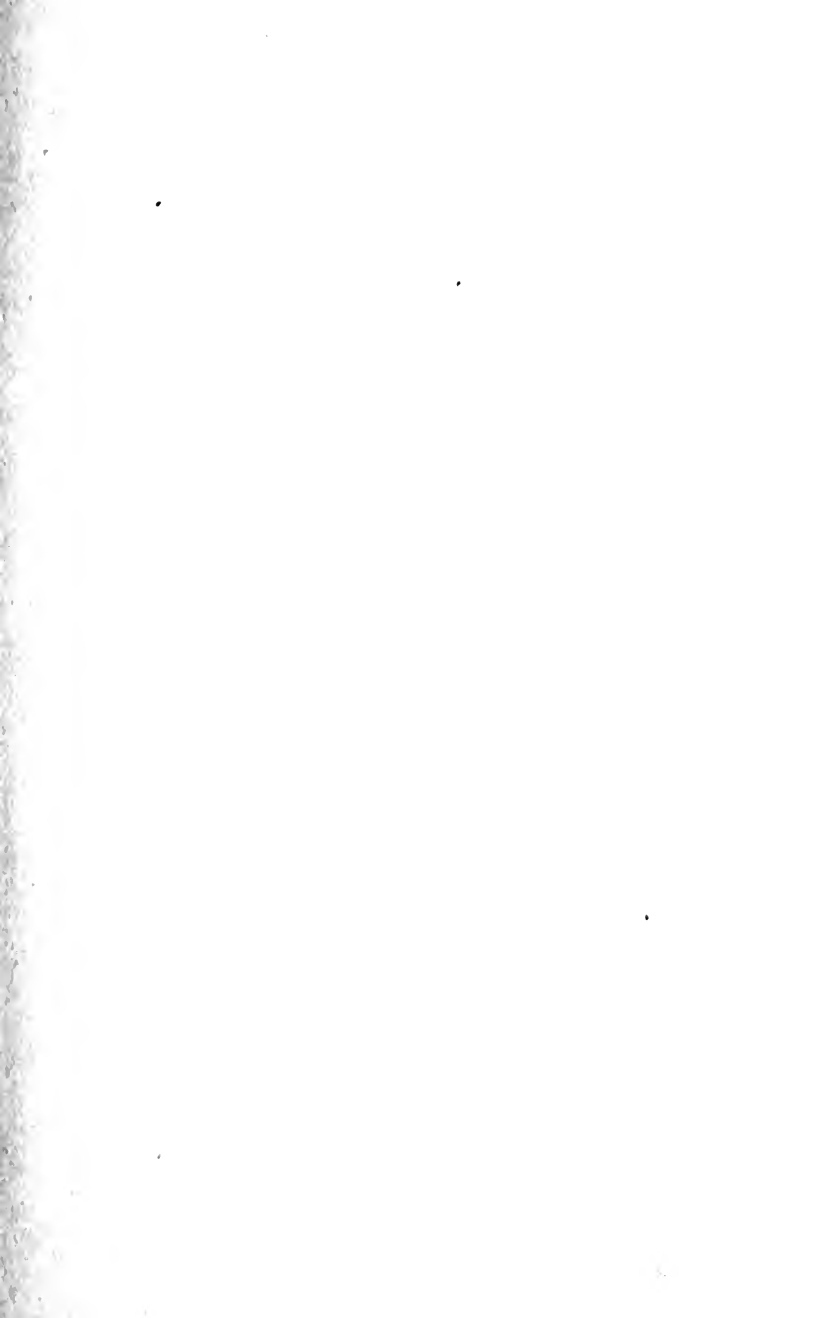
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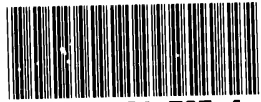
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